



Oh, the animals want to a wonderful fair  
That was held in the African land  
There were Lions and Tigers and Elephants there  
And the rest of the jungle band  
There were comical things at this curious show  
And the stranger's events took place,  
But the finest of all was the Zebra Race,  
Of the marvellous Zebra Race.

Now these Zebras were brought from the land of  
Zaboo,  
On the shores of the Zulu border  
They were gentle and swift and were beautiful, too,  
With their gaily striped coats, as you see,  
And the betting ran high when the race was begun.  
There was trouble at starting, of course,  
There were bookmakers offering twist to one,  
Till they came who shouting were heard

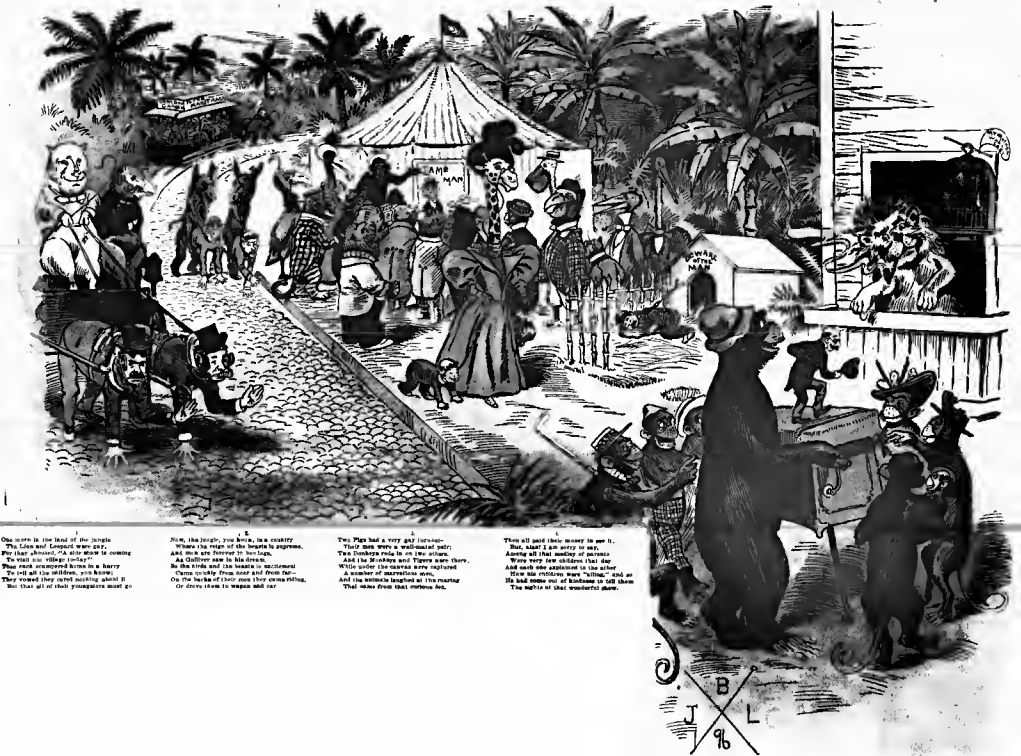
Two members stood up in the timekeeper's stand,  
Two others were jockeys on a gal,  
And next to the boy at this animal band  
They rode in the Zulu band  
And they monkeyed so long with the starting, you  
know,  
That the mood was beginning to swell  
When all of a sudden the starting said, "Go!"  
And the others roared "they're off!"

Oh, how eager the guests of these animals then—  
How great their excitement and joy,  
Said a Lion to a Lion, "I'll bet you just can  
On the handkerchief money, old boy,"  
Said the Lion "All right" and the money was placed  
With a Tiger that dashed, close by,  
Then a valuable monkey swiftly raced  
In among them with blood in the eye.

Said he: "I will bet just a hundred to one  
That the spotted chap wins in a walk,"  
But a Crocodile pulled out a roll with a flash,  
And the Monkey snatched his tail,  
Then a Camel remarked to a Pelican near,  
"The a barrel of perfume, my sweet,  
That the handkerchief wins." "I will take you my  
dear,"  
The replied, "for he never will beat."

They are on the homesteads and the plot runs high  
While the wildest excitement prevails,  
There's an Elephant waving a flag in the sky,  
And the Tiger is looking their tails,  
Then a shout: "The the spotted chap wins by a mile!"  
And the bookmakers shrill with despair:  
While the Monkey and Lion and Pelican laugh—  
An ended the Animal Fair.  
ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

# A SIDE SHOW IN GAZOOZLAND.



One more is the head of the jungle  
The Lion and Leopard were there,  
Pay that attention! "A side show is coming  
To visit the village to-day!"  
They ran unawares home in a hurry  
To tell all the children, and honey,  
They vowed they would nothing about it  
But that all of their passengers must go.

Now, this jungle, you know, is a country  
Where the ruler of the beasts is supreme,  
And no one is braver to challenge,  
As Chaffrey saw in his dream.  
So the birds and the beasts in a moment  
Came trooping from near and from far,  
On the backs of their men they came riding,  
Or drove them in wagons and car.

Two Pigs had a very gay caravan;  
Their men were a well-matched pair;  
The Donkeys rode in on the others,  
And the 30 calves and Tigers came there,  
While under the oarsmen were captured  
A number of marvellous men,  
And the animals laughed at the roaring  
That came from their engine den.

Then all paid their money to see it,  
But, what I am sorry to say,  
Among all that motley of persons  
Were very few children that day,  
And each one exclaimed to the other  
How the children were "killing" - and as  
He had come out of kindness to tell them  
The truth of that wonderful game.

Then they went at the roaring Pioneers,  
And as the men were so brave and bold,  
And some pale little fellows called Pook,  
And others named like that,  
But the men who were the most famous  
Of all of that side-showing crew  
Was a thing with a coated vestment  
Which science defined was a Snake.

And the animals looked at the Dodgers  
And smiled at the men who were bold,  
And they roared when the Dodgers who lattered  
Declared by some people named  
And at last when the show was all over  
Of all that side-showing crew  
To the people and told to their children  
Of all they had witnessed that day.  
ALBERT BRIDGEMAN PAINTS



It was Thanksgiving morn in the Land of the Lions,  
And so far as a morning could be,  
For the air was like dust and the heavens were blue  
And the birds sang in jubilee and the bees  
Then the Crocodile came to the Camel and said  
"Today is the day for our feast."  
It is time we prepared for our annual spread—  
There'll be twelve at the table and meat.

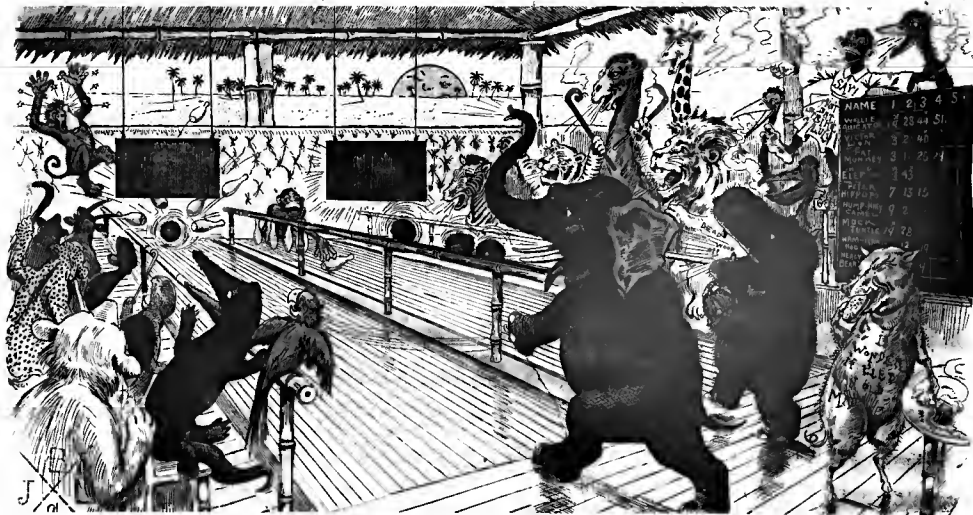
"There's the Bear and the Lion and hungry Giraffe  
And the Ostrich and Elephant too,  
And the Monkey must be there to make them all merry,  
For he's the first of the tribe,  
And the brave Hippopotamus likewise will come,  
And the Pig and the Tortoise and Snake,  
No we'll sound the alarm on the horns and drum,  
And 'tis hot for our Thanksgiving Feast."

Thus the feast was prepared—there were puddings and  
pies,  
There were turkeys, I'm told, by the score—  
There were wines that would open our closed eyes  
From the milk that the cowards bore,  
And the guests all appeared on the grounds of the house,  
For they knew that the feast would not fail,  
And they hurried with all the speed of their power  
That they might not arrive there too late.

Then the feasting began, and the soup went around,  
With a bowl full of wine on the side,  
And the Monkey remarked, "Do you want me to  
drink?"  
"You're a gentleman," the Lion replied—  
"So are you," said the Monkey and flung with a dash  
Some wine in the Lion's wide jaw;  
Then he began to get out of the way of a snout  
Of one of the Lion's big pals.

Then the turkey was served, and with it more wine,  
And the fowls got jelly, indeed,  
And the Crocodile declared that the dinner was fine  
For which all the guests agreed,  
Then they had some more wine and they all were a  
wind,  
But each sang a different lay  
And the Bear declared that the music was wrong,  
"For a lot of old drunks," said he.

Then the riot broke loose—every stage arose  
And began to dance and shout,  
And the Elephant carried in the Crocodile's nose  
For he thought "I'm a turkey," he thought,  
Till the fowls broke away from the table at last,  
In the midst of this riotous scene,  
And the Bear, as if of the greatest regard  
In the glorious Land of the Lions,  
ALBERT MORROW PAINTS



One morning at sunrise the Elephant again  
To the banner of the Tiger and Bear,  
And said he: "Now the dawn is a story of again  
And the day I am sure will be fair.  
And of late there has been a vast hoisting of skill  
As to who can roll down the most pine,  
So to-day we'll assemble and test it until  
The decided which one of us wins.

"And the Camel And Crocodile both shall be there,  
And the gay Hippopotamus, too,  
And the elephant herder the medal shall wear  
Of this glorious country of Sen."  
There was joy in their hearts of this scheme so pre-  
sented  
And a smile on the face of the sun,  
As the jungle folk swarmed to their grand be-  
leiving  
grouse,  
And the game of the rest was begun.

Then the Crumple led with a game of ginnet,  
And thirren for the lion came next,  
But the Monkey fell down, for he'three could be seen.  
When he finished clunged and perished.  
Then the Elephant came with a big twenty-three,  
And the Crumple shrunk he dismay;  
"Just wait till I get down to business," both he,  
"And I'll tak' you how champions play!"

And he waited impatiently until his both sons.  
And he made merry-night when it came.  
Said he: "I've got money. Old Turkey, be born.  
And I'll wager it all on this gallop."  
But the elephant smiled as he picked up the ball.  
"I will always this honor," said he,  
And a there of approval went on from them all.  
When he ruled once a big steed there.

Then the Crusade stopped, but he promptly roared:  
"You wait till my turn comes again!"  
And a fat forty-four was the figure he scored.  
And that he was smiling again.  
Oh, 'twas wonderful to see with that marvellous skill  
Those shots he landed the ball.  
To be sure there were others who played with a will  
But none were near the best of them all.

And so it went on till the closing of day.  
Where the Elephant finally went  
There was joy to hearts of those animals go!  
And a smile on the face of the sun.  
Then back to the jungle they joyfully went  
Where supper was waiting they knew,  
And surely they talked of the day they had  
at a location, neither of New.

